

THE BELL RINGER



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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

MAY 31, 1991

Cum Laude Invites Eight Seniors, Six Juniors



by George Rietz
staff writer

On Wednesday, May 15, the Montgomery Bell Academy chapter of the Cum Laude Society held its annual induction ceremonies in Wallace Hall. The Cum Laude Society, founded in 1906, exists to honor the achievements of high school students in a single area, scholastic performance. Membership in MBA's chapter of Cum Laude represents the highest honor the school gives for academic achievement. Recognition by the Cum Laude Society is equivalent to membership in Phi Beta Kappa at

the university level. No more than fifteen percent of each graduating class may be inducted; the top seven percent may receive membership during its Junior year.

This year's Senior inductees were seniors Mark Bittles, David Daniels, John Dunkerley, Alan Hassler, Casey Jones, Jim Morehead, George Rietz, and John Schweikert. The Seniors were joined by Junior inductees Scott Hande, Garrett Kyle, Seth Robertson, Alex Rogers, Jackson Wray, and David Wyckoff.

These new members followed members-in-course Micah Bennett, Luke Davis, Walter Jones, James Nash,

photo by David Schick

Greg Parker, and Babu Paruchuri. Faculty members Dennis DeYoung and Richard Wright were also inducted at this year's ceremony because of their membership in Phi Beta Kappa as college students.

The members new and old were treated to a special assembly in which John Compton, Professor of Philosophy at Vanderbilt, discussed the role philosophy should play in an individual's life. The ceremony was concluded with a reception at Dr. Paschall's home and a fantastic dinner at Maude's Courtyard.

Father-Son Banquet a Success

by Casey Jones
Editor-in-Chief

On April 16, MBA held its annual tradition, the Father-Son Banquet. The banquet, held in the Brownlee O. Cur-

rey gymnasium, opened this year with the usual friendly handshakes. Many new faces were seen as well as many old ones. After dinner, the Fathers' Club, the organization of MBA fathers which runs,

among other productions, the concession stands, presented its financial report to the MBA community. After hearing the report by Fathers' Club

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heading to college
next year?
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Patrick Wilson Library
Montgomery Bell Academy
Nashville, Tennessee

Totomoi Taps Six

by George Rietz
staff writer

Totomoi, MBA's honorary fraternity, honors those students who have made outstanding contributions to the school and who serve as worthy examples to other students. For a select few, induction into Totomoi culminates years of hard work and adds to the respect they have already earned through their achievements.

Totomoi candidates are evaluated on a secret point scale in three major areas of achievement. Those who qualify for induction and are approved by the faculty are "tapped" in one of two special assemblies held each year.

This year's spring tapping was carried out by the Senior class members, Jeffrey Buntin, Luke Davis, Cabot Hyde, Casey Jones, Taylor Mayes, Babu Paruchuri, and Walter Southwood. Recognized as new members were Juniors Sam Bartholomew, Ron Cantrell, Alex Rogers, Brett Sanders, and Jackson Wray. Mr. John Bennett, long-time teacher, coach, and loyal supporter of MBA, was tapped as well.

Induction into Totomoi represents the highest honor MBA can give for loyalty and service to the school, and all members are to be congratulated for their dedication in these areas.

Juniors Claim

National Merit Recognition

by Sonny Heiser
staff writer

In early May, MBA juniors were notified if they were eligible for awards in the National Merit program. In order to be selected for recognition, a student must have scored extremely well on both his PSAT (Pre-Scholastic Aptitude Test) and his SAT.

Only 60,000 students in the nation received the honor of being able to continue in the National Merit program. Those 60,000 students, in turn, compete in their senior year for further recognition, hoping eventually to gain the designation of National Merit Scholar. National Merit winners, of which

there will be approximately 2,000 students next year, receive partial scholarships for college.

The juniors selected this year were: Todd Anderson, Jarrett Bell, Ron Cantrell, Hank Clark, Warren Connally, Paul Devgan, Asher Dudley, Martin Fox, Breen Frazier, Scott Hande, Sonny Heiser, Robert Howell, Greg Jones, Garrett Kyle, Michael Loftin, Alex Rogers, Brett Sanders, Behdad Shahsavari, Mark Szydlo, Matt Valenti, John Wesley, Jackson Wray, Taylor Wray, and David Wyckoff.

Congratulations to all honored juniors!

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NEWS & FEATURES

...Banquet

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the eager students and their fathers attentively listened to the exciting tunes of the MBA chorus. Under the direction of Mr. Kemp and accompanied by guitarist James Nash and bassist Charles Treadway (a former MBA student), the chorus played many fine songs.

Following the fine chorus performance, this year's featured speaker, MBA alumnus, former United States Marine fighter pilot and general's aide, Bill Hawkins, remarked on his experiences in the Marine Corps and how he valued his career at MBA.

Mr. Hawkins stressed the students's constant awareness of and appreciation for the type of education he is receiving here on the Hill. He urged the student to grasp the opportunities which MBA puts before him and to make the most of his experiences at MBA. Mr. Hawkins concluded his speech by en-

couraging each MBA student to work to be the best that he can be in whatever field of endeavor he may choose to enter in life. He further stressed that only by appreciating the quality of MBA's educational experience can the student hope to make the most of his career here.

One certain highlight and last event of the evening was the annual presentation of the teachers' awards. This year's recipients were librarian Mrs. Mildred Simmons and eighth grade English teacher Mrs. Mary Louise Shell, who will be retiring at the end of this school year. In recognition of their outstanding accomplishments as teachers and overall loyalty to the school, both instructors were so honored.

This year's Father-Son Banquet was a definite success, and thanks should be given to all those helped the evening run smoothly.

Debaters Tackle National Competition

by Behdad Shahsavari
staff writer

With the academic year coming to a close, the debate team looks back upon a favorable end to a great year and ensured success to come. Most recently, the Varsity Tournament of Champions and Novice National Round Robin were held as well as the district tournament which is a qualifier for the National Championship.

As to local competition, the State Tournament yielded some surprising results when the unit of junior varsity debater Breen Frazier and novice debater Brooks Martin captured third place in the varsity division. Given their fine showing here, MBA expects great things from these young debaters in the future. In district competition, four teams from MBA were entered in the double-elimination tournament. Breen Frazier debating with Will Gray advanced four rounds eliminating traditional powerhouses USN and Hume Fogg on the way.

John Wesley and Sachin Vaikunth proceeded to the sixth round of competition, falling only to the eventual second place team. The team of Behdad Shahsavari

and Suresh Gunasekaran fell after the fourth round in a disappointing loss. Robert Howell and Babu Parachuri, came out on top in this tournament. The two went undefeated in eight rounds of competition and garnered a trip to the National Tournament in Chicago in the process.

In national competition, the team fared as well as they did in the state. In the first tournament hosted by the Woodward School of Atlanta, Breen Frazier, competing again with a novice, Naresh Nagella, went undefeated in preliminary rounds, losing to the eventual champions in the semifinal round. Breen was named thirteenth individual speaker out of a field of eighty national competitors.

The MBA Novices, true to their reputation built over the course of the year, had an outstanding showing at the Novice Round Robin. This tournament is the national championship for novices and is considered as a chance for novices to prove their worth for the year to come. The eleven top teams in the nation are invited based on their records during the year. A LD (Lincoln-Douglas) tournament is held at the same time.

Upholding his nu-

merous championship titles, Jim Miller placed seventh in the nation among the best first-year Lincoln-Douglas debaters. The novice team of Jason Bennett and Bobby Hartmann who, along with other MBA novice units, have closed out the final or semifinal brackets at most tournaments, continued their winning ways. Of a total of 20 ballots, they captured 18 wins and 2 losses to finish first in the nation. In only the second time in tournament history, both debaters won outstanding speaker awards. Bobby was named second speaker just ahead of his fourth place teammate, Jason. Competitors from across the nation fell under MBA's crushing roll.

Among the prestigious participants, those falling to the Big Red were Bronx Science of New York and the Westminster School of Atlanta. A hearty congratulations is deserved by our national champions.

Congratulations,
Debaters!!
-Ed.

THE BELL RINGER

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Wally Jones
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The following students have earned three or more credits and are now staff members: Julian Bibb, Mark Bittles, John Butler, John Crosslin, Justin Crosslin, Roe Elam, Scott Hande, Sonny Heiser, Robert Howell, Winn Keathley, Trip McLaughlin, Brent Miller, Jim Morehead, ShadeMurray, George Rietz, Behdad Shahsavari, Earle Simmons, John Wallace, John Wesley, Jackson Wray, David Wyckoff, and Andrew Vahrenkamp.

The Bell Ringer wishes everyone
a safe, happy summer.

The Bell Ringer 1991-1992

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NEWS & FEATURES

F.C.A. Finishes Strong Year

by Bo Bartholomew
writer

F.C.A. is a club that focuses on fellowship and fun in meetings which provide opportunities for spiritual growth. The Club meets weekly and holds special events such as meetings with Harpeth Hall. Other F.C.A. events this year included the Chubby-Bunny contest (John Dunkerley was our winner); special speakers such as Rudy Kalis with Channel 4, William Ewing of the Pittsburgh Steelers, and several outstanding youth leaders from throughout Nashville; and a concert with the Christian band "Children At Heart."

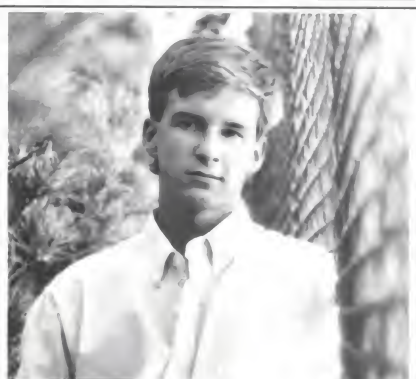
The meetings involve group discussions with an emphasis on having a personal relationship with Christ. The Fellowship of

Christian Athletes is a fast growing program that has and still does involve the most prestigious athletes in the state. MBA's top athletes in every sport all participate along with others who are involved in the organization with but do not necessarily participate in sports.

This year, the F.C.A. athlete of the year is Patrick Harkleroad. FCA does not have membership requirements and every student from 7th to 12th grade is invited to be a part. Fun is a large part of this club, but the purpose remains "To present athletes and coaches, and all whom they influence, the challenge and adventure of receiving Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord, serving Him in their relationships and in the fellowship of the church."

Ramsey-Daugherty Company

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Skipworth salutes David Daniels

David Daniels has shown solid leadership throughout his entire MBA career. David is the Secretary of the Service Club and Co-Business Editor of *The Bell Ringer*. In addition, he is a member of *Cum Laude* and plays a vital role as a starting pitcher on the Varsity baseball team.

David will attend Vanderbilt University next fall.

Skipworth

EXCEPTIONAL
PORTRAITURE

Big Red Club Sees Support Grow, Teams Thrive



Above: The football team soared to new heights with the help of overflowing crowds at many games.

photo by David Schenk

from Staff Reports

This year's Big Red Club regained much of its pep and energy that had been lost over the past couple of years, and it made a resurgence as one of the most popular organizations on campus.

Under the leadership of President Richard Cummins, Vice President Chris Vlahos, Secretary Drew Healy, Treasurer Dewitt C. Thompson V and Chairman

of Special Events David Mason, the school spirit on the Hill reached an all time high with much backing by the students. The crowds were overflowing at the football, basketball, and baseball games, and huge varsity crowds showed up to support the wrestling, track, cross-country, and soccer teams. The entire student body helped to rekindle the once lost "hostile crowds," and even parents got involved in this mass hysteria.

The participation of the Big Red Club lifted all the athletic teams to new heights. Highlights of such interest were the tunnels before football games, the painted red and white faces at the basketball games, and the ever-present right field rowdies at the baseball games. Finally, the high levels of enthusiasm and commitment made this year's Big Red Club a great success, and with this type of support in the future, the Big Red will continue to roll.

Seniors Waddey and Lundstrom Claim National, Local Recognition

Jeff Lundstrom Earns
All-America Honors
from Staff Reports

Recently, MBA senior Jeff Lundstrom, along with approximately 45-50 other lacrosse players from around the nation, was named as All-American in lacrosse. Jeff's honor is doubly special because he is the first person from Tennessee to be named All-American in lacrosse.

Jeff is the first MBA senior to be named to an All-America team since Bill Cherry was so honored as a tennis player. Jeff began his lacrosse career in 7th grade; he plans to compete for Bucknell College next year. *The Bell Ringer* would like to extend its sincere congratulations to Jeff and all the lacrosse players on a fine season.

Alex Waddey Claims
Moss Oliver Award
by Andrew Vahrenkamp
staff writer

Alex Waddey, starting point guard for the Big Red basketball team and leading point scorer for the 1991 track team recently won the coveted Moss Oliver Award given to one senior male and female basketball player in the Metro area by the Civitan Club.

Applicants are nominated (one per school) by their respective coaches, and the winners are chosen for superior excellence in academics, athletics, leadership, and sportsmanship.

Waddey was selected over many other outstanding student/athletes from the Nashville region. This achievement is a great honor

both for Alex and for Montgomery Bell Academy. The last MBA student to win the coveted award was David Spickard in 1988.

Below: Alex Waddey inaction during the 1991 track season. photo by

Eddie Jones



NEWS & FEATURES

Legend Moves On



by Randy Tidwell
writer

After 15 years of faithful service to the MBA community, Mrs. Mary Louise Shell, 8th grade English teacher, has decided to retire. Never having the good fortune of being a pupil of hers, I decided to find out what makes the lady so special.

As one of her former students said, "She has always been understanding and really cares about the entire community. She even watered the plants in the Massey Building."

Over the past fifteen years, Mrs. Shell has taken many an innocent eighth grader and instilled him with a keen understanding of the meaning of being a good theme writer and a good English student. Even beyond her duties as a classroom instructor, she has worked hard to mold these boys into gentleman of whom MBA could be proud. Along the way, she has consistently found opportunities to share a laugh or a moment of wonder with her students.

I know I speak for the entire school when I say, "Thanks for all the memories and please come back and see us!"

The Bell Ringer would like to express its sincere gratitude for all the contributions Mrs. Shell has made throughout her years on the Hill.

Panim el Panim:

The Washington Institute for Leadership

by Alex Rogers
Copy Editor

From April 14-17 of this year, I had the opportunity to participate in Panim el Panim: The Washington Institute for Leadership. This program involved eighty-eight high school students from six different states. Four students from Nashville were selected, by means of an essay, to participate in the seminar (There are other seminars done by the institute over the course of a year.)

The program was focused towards increasing awareness about the American political system and towards offering differing views on the seminar topics; these topics included: civil liberties, economic justice, and value conflicts in public policy. For each of these topics, we heard speakers, all of whom were noteworthy and extremely qualified in their fields. For

civil liberties, a board member from the ACLU and a deputy director of the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) came to speak; for economic justice, we heard Stuart Eisenstadt, former domestic affairs advisor to President Carter, and Steve Cobb, a senior economic advisor to the several senate sub-committees.

The program on civil liberties was thoughtfully presented by allowing both speakers to voice their opinions. Obviously, since both the ADL and the ACLU are proponents of civil liberties, the differences in their opinions were merely of degree. Economic justice, though, entailed a much more lively debate followed by a question and answer session. Stuart Eisenstadt, being an advisor to Carter, took the liberal perspective while Mr. Cobb took the conservative approach. Their discussion focused on the government's economic responsibility to its citizens. For me, this discussion was the most interesting part of the

trip since I heard two equally informed and respected people arguing the same issue voicing completely opposite opinions. Seeing this debate forced me to realize that in any dispute between policy makers, it is impossible to find the "right" answer.

Since I was predisposed to Mr. Cobb's point of view, it was an eye opener to hear the reasoning behind the liberal position; even though I did not agree with some of Mr. Eisenstadt's opinions, his comments and the group session afterward made me respect his view.

I believe that the trip gave me a new perspective on how I think about policy decisions. The trip showed me the quandaries that our elected officials face and how they must deal with each other in order make compromises.

Finally, I feel that this program has given me insight into the complexities of the American political process.

Junior-Senior Prom A Success

by Sonny Heiser
staff writer

This year, the situation looked as if the annual Junior-Senior Prom was going to consist of a few boards as a walkway and maybe a band. However, after threats of not having a Prom and the Juniors not gaining their privileges, the Junior Class rallied and in approximately three days brought the prom from a few ugly red pillars to what

everyone saw on Saturday night (a great set).

The Juniors survived paint wars, a falling chandelier, and lots of hammering in order to finish. The presentation on Saturday night seemed to please the parents who were attending. After the presentation of the seniors and junior class officers, many Prom-goers sought the long lines to pictures. Then, the band Familiar Faces turned up the



volume. Despite predictions of the band's possible shortcomings, Familiar Faces quickly enthralled a large crowd of many eager dancers with a selection of both upbeat and slow songs.

This year's Prom was best summed up by a Senior, who muttered, "Not too bad" as he left.

All those who worked on the prom should be congratulated for their efforts.

photo by David Schenk



Below: Familiar Faces wows the crowd with their upbeat music.

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What
comes out
of this,



Also
comes out
of this.



Many bug sprays contain nicotine.
All cigarettes do.

U.S. Department of Health & Human Services

LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

Seniors'

Last

Wills and Testaments

I, **George Adams**, being of purple mind and a Grimace body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: to Chip Crossman, a "Hey Chiip!"; to Breen Frazier, a lesson in slamdancing... a wall; to Roy Alley, a defrost button for early mornings at St. George's, a trip to Hilton Head, a caring basketball coach, the keys to my car (only from home to Overtown), and 1 million questions of "Why are you wearing a tie today?"; to Jim Bowen, an orange Hilfiger shirt and a high five; to Ben Corbett, a ride to Jim Dandy's, to Chuck Warner, a luxury sports car; to Ben Curtis, a new lower lip; to David Proctor, the harem at EYC, all the puds from 8th grade, a bike that has a seat, a car (a real one), a pair of jumper cables, Happening babes, discussions with Marilyn Rogers (Francis Smith), and dreams of being full; to Jackson Wray a 1 on 1 on 1 on game on the tennis courts; to Baker Eadie, a nice tie, a van war in Charleston, and a coke poured in the lap of someone who said, "Score!"; to a responsible junior, all the money I collected as Treasurer of the Honor Council; to Mark Syzdl, a trip to State, and a Belmont College Day trip; to Will McKeand, defense of an overhead and hub caps for his future car; to Baker Eadie (again), a Texan waitress from Charleston; to Andrew Ross, a man named Bob; to Charlie Thombs, some money never lent, a ride to school, a late afternoon run, and the ability to keep the Honor Council fun; to William Rice, an empty be at Happening for him to fill; to Hank Clark, the skill of showing up for Winter Soccer only on the days we run; to Toby Parrish, a ski trip; to Bo Bartholomew, a Coke machine for the lobby of the gym... year-round; to Shooter Stein, a speech given on time; to Rob Whitley, a car dance down Estes; to Richard Douglas, a serious side; to Jay Frazer, a push and a shove; to Austin Koon, Mad Dog lessons, the Wyleys for good and rule over Wimbledon; and to Jim Uden, a full bottle and many Young Life skits.

I, **Frank Bass**, being of sound mind and body, do leave the following: to Malcolm Sewell, Roe Elam, and Chris Johnston, a church basketball championship next season; to Sam Smaldone, a BIG WAVE; to Mark Bittles, a few swimming lessons in preparation for Grand Ole Golf; to George Adams, a flattop haircut; to Jim Bowen, the privilege of driving to school on fumes on theme day; to De Thompson, an orange all-purpose watch; to Larry Underwood, a new haircut; to Keith Ikard, a lot of corn; to Richard Cummins, country, country, and country music; to Ray Brooks, Franks' pamphlet All You Need to Know About Getting Teachers off the Subject; to Casey Jones, Chemise; to Jackson Wray, a lot of bad jokes; to C.B. Harwell (Rug-rat), my selling techniques; to David Mason, a comb and the book Haircare; to Luke Davis, the new toy Silly Muddy; to Andrew Dupps, the sole right of saying, "Be frank with me, Frank."; to Tommy Lawrence, the privilege of teasing Roy about his girlfriends; to Joe Underwood, a key to the computer room to work on JU-EGGS; to Matt Valenti, a new hat; to Jeff Lundstrum, a key to Belle Meade's weight room; to Roy Alley, a few more Greek alphabet tests; to David Fitzgerald, a new college basketball team to cheer for; to Mr. Poston, a lot of thanks for being a great tennis coach; to all other teachers and coaches, a lot of thanks for helping me grow to be a

I, **Mark Bittles**, being of sound mind and body, leave to Sammy Smaldone my big bulging muscular body and a pair of new black tennis shoes; to Jackson Wray my book of ping-pong secrets, some fishhead soup and a backhand; to Bradley Sloan JGL although she was never mine; to Will McKean, Morgan's hair (take all you want, he'll make more); to Mark Fuqua my first name so that my legend may live on for years after I leave; to Bo Brown a Latin dictionary; to Parks Owen a "How to drive a stick shift" manual; to Richard Douglas my height; to Roy Alley an ashtray and heating controller that works;

to Ben Corbett a "Mr PeeWee" tennis set; to Alex Dean a cd featuring Waffle House Dog Wop; to Morgan Parker a candlestick, pool cue and a thin glass table so that he may break them whenever he wants, and also a hat to replace the Tennessee outdoorsman one; to Barney a taco



I, **Brian Bleecker**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following things to the following people: to next year's senior class, an entire page in their senior bio, project graduation, and real senior privileges; to David Corts, a book of nickname jokes; to Paul Moser, the 50 cents I owe him and a candybar; to Coach "E.", "The Greatest Moments in Sports" video and 100 of the best Simpsons episodes; to Brent Miller, a "party-time" mug and some normal ties to wear on game day; to next year's football team I leave good luck; to Ben Nimmo, a pro contract; to R.A. Dickey, a teddy bear and an instructional video on making jungle noises; to P. Hale, a "Muscle Magazine" and a personal hair dresser; to Glenn Harris, the ability to make it through a season without being hurt; to MBA I leave a true demerit system, the old hair policy, and the money for a new art building; to Julian Bibb, a neck; to Pat Harkleroad, for graduation a holster for his six shooters; to Brett the nickname "Bleek"; to Noelle, the memory that MBA beat Ryan in everything; to Joe Underwood, an offensive line; to Dave Daniels, for graduation \$69 worth of Pepto for stomach aches; to Anthony, his own shadow; to Ryan Tyrell, a night at the Howerton's; and to James Wood, the title "Trainer" not "manager."

I, **Lance Carney**, being of sober mind and sound body, do hereby bequeath the fol-

lowing: to Brett Sanders, my pair of wrestling shoes because they are son superior to any others ever made and my taste in music; to David Frazier, some Doritos, bean dip, a jar of crickets, and some friends; to Eric Ericson, a turtle-neck, to Jim Uden, some M.G.D., some good wrestling opponents (not girls), a free pass to the Bluegrass Inn, a manly appearance, four symphony bars from Jim Dandy, and all things stolen; to Carter Baker, an injury which lasts from the beginning of wrestling season to the end, some beast, and my famous funnel; to Baker Eadie: a girlfriend who can go out on the weekends, a real shark-tooth necklace, five bushes, and the snake; to Glen Gaston, my ability to get fired up, some super-duper power drink, and a duck blind; to Erico Crawford, my leather suit, a disco ball, a nickname such as "Flash," and good conditioning; to Mark Syzdl, the Marvin Barnes tradition, a lifetime supply of "Itchy and Scratchy" shows, a gift certificate to Krusty's Clown House, a date for prom, my lazy but extremely effective wrestling ability, my speed of the puma and strength of the bear, the right to call anyone country, and guidance over the wrestling team; to Shooter Stein, one free skip study hall pass, some cold root beer, and my red, red, red, red, hair; to Michael Weldon, some candy, a stick-shift, and a real date.

I, **Luke Davis**, being in *mens sans et corpe sano*, do hereby leave the following of my MBA possessions to the fol-

lowing people: the joys of Latin and the spirit of W-5 to future freshmen; my artistic talent (hah!) to future AP English disciples; an empty plate, the knowledge of scale tricks, and a few great wrestling moves to Sonny Heiser; to Chemistry students, the 1/x key; *un anorak bleu* and dates with all my sister's friends (but not my sister) to Mark Bittles; Old Comiskey and a tropical dress Khaki uniform to Keith Ikard; to Jim Hassler, Alan Morehead jokes; oral French Exercises to Alex Rogers; the "perfect" science fair project to anyone who can find one; to future editors of *The Bell Ringer*, my crash course journalistic knowledge and a lot of creativity from sports writers and Casey Jones; to Casey Jones, pole position at Indianapolis and confidence that you will soon jump clear of that railroad wreck and bring new fame to the name; a ride home and unlimited guitar lessons to John Butler; paper to make lists reminding him to "do Latin in Physics" to Babu Parachuri; to Frank Bass, exclusive rights to Gold's gym and a subscription to *Bodybuilding Magazine*; to Wally Jones, a little sun; a barber to Anthony Albrecht; to Micah Bennett, a "way to go!" and some touchdowns; the right to coach the first MBA ski team (or any other new sport) to David Moroney; to Alan Morehead, Jim Hassler jokes; to Sarat Ramaya, my debate prowess; a teaching job, a golf team, and argumentative student to James Nash; to the rest of the world, a chance to spend four great years on the Hill.

Northwestern Mutual Life

William S. Cochran
CLU, General Agent

162 Fourth Avenue North
Nashville, TN. 37219
742-8700

LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

Last Wills Cont...

I, **John Dunkerley**, being of over-worked mind and concave body, do hereby bestow the following things upon the following people: to Garrett Kyle, some Sanka tonka, a good Squatcho-Bewi, and a hearty cup of from; to Scott Hande, the cherishable ability to throw a mean ragtime dance and the complete Far Side collection (who knows, there might be a few you've missed); to Andrew Pearson, the right to call someone younger than he a strange nickname for no real reason; to David Wyckoff, an autographed copy of my new book *Life Lessons*, a place in the Green Hornets' starting lineup, a box of personalized insulting epithet stationary, and my faith that you can make it on your own; to Michael Weldon, a green pointy hat, some candy-striped socks, pointed ears, some facial hair, a curl-toe shoes; to Howie Howerton, a more intriguing first name; to Derek Van Mol, my permission to do anything he wants to in his new room, the ability to dunk a basketball in a more aesthetically pleasing way, and a copy of the *Dictionary of Dude*; to Tommy Lawrence, a pledge pin and the name Flounder; to Shade Murray, my artistic interpretive abilities, a year's subscription to the *National Enquirer*, and any first name other than Shade; to John Schlansker, a few more consonants; to Greg Stuart, louder car stereo speakers; to Jim Uden, my uncanny ability for picking the number one pill at Crockett day in, day out, and some shinier hair; to Mark Fuqua and Austin Koon, the key to the church; to Robert West, shorter strides; to Toby Parrish, a big, refreshing gulp of cold beverage to quench his parching thirst, the sheet music to *Ripple*: Off Key and O.K., and the book *10 Easy Steps to Becoming a Redneck* (in order to fit in); to Barrett Rose, something productive to do, a comb, and the thought that at any given time, I could return and beat the living daylights out of him; to Chris Trabue, a few more creative nicknames and a can of Ultra-Slim Fast; to Hal Pickel, a quality that

can't be made fun of; to Hayes Fowler, an ego; Thank you; that is all...

I, **Will Gray**, being of sound mind and completely out of shape body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Chris Steele; my ability to write better than he, my baja (so no one at Vanderbilt will think I'm liberal), a pencil, and a panic button that works; to Philip Westermann, a golf ball, a tennis ball, and a ping pong ball; to Behdad Shahsavari; that sweater of mine (with proof of purchase) and a bottle of "Ugly Woman Be Gone" cologne; to Robert Howell, a glow-in-the-dark golf ball, knowledge of the contents of FILE 13, and the following truth from Moliere: one is ridiculous not for what he is but for what he tries to be; to Suresh Gunasekaran, a lifetime supply of skittles, and to everyone else, this valuable advice: "When going from point A to point B - SAFETY FIRST!"

I, **Pat Harkleroad**, being of highly trained mind and a body decreased through six years of hard work leave to Julian Bibb, a closet of towels for those every now and then runnin' raw incidents; to Andy Russ, a piece of my great athletic ability and a huge chunk of my brain which he desperately needs; to Bo Bartholomew I give a few wrestling moves; to Joseph Sitton I leave everything because he has nothing; to Ray Brooks, videotape of assembly facial expression; to Sean Murphy I leave an infinite log of straight to last a lifetime; to Chris Johnston I leave 1,000 high fives to annoy him for the next four years; to Jarrat Bell, some athletic ability to catch one football; to David Howerton I give Noelle; to Craig Spengler I give Paco and a stool; to Andy Barrett I leave "Shank" to do what you want to with him; to Bryan Bleecker I give some six shooters with bullets; to J.T. Davenport I leave some soccer skill and a house closer to MBA; to Coach Lanier I leave a Bermuda-seeded, two inch surface grass soccer field with lights to play at night named in the honor of John Lanier; to the graduates (seniors) of 1991, let it be a lesson that we

are the best class in MBA history; to MBA, I leave my gratitude and thanks of all the good memories here on the Hill.

I, **Drew Healy**, leave Tad Wood the belt that he could never win; to Chris Johnston, a new mailbox and a forearm; to Jim Dismukes, a new truck; to John Arendale, my speed; to Coach Elliliot, a new pair of sunglasses and an offensive line; to R.A. Dickey, a heater; to Coach Regen, a back brake for his bike; to Shad Weaver, some control on a bike.

I, **Charles Israel**, being of unsound mind and abused body, do hereby leave the following: the reins of *The Bell* to anyone who is deranged enough to think they might want to take it; to Garrett Kyle I leave the pleasure, burden, and responsibility of aggravating Mr. Moxley. Remember Garrett—be gentle, he breaks easily. Also, I leave to you my airbrush gun and all the pink flamingos you can find - you might need them for next year's cover; to Jackson Wray I leave a real sense of humor, the ability to live with disorganization, and the Charles Israel dictionary of commonly misspelled words; to Greg Jones, I leave at least a small bit of responsibility; to Arthur Reid, I leave a social life in this state, not just in Huntsville; to the staff of the 1992 *Bell*, I leave the consequences of my actions and the joy of dealing with the senior class; to James Wood, I leave a pair of Kevlars, you'll need them in Atlanta; to Mr. Haywood Moxley, I leave the sad, but true, reality that around May 1, seniors really don't care anymore; to Jamie Pfeffer, I leave some height and the realization that you still have five more years; and most importantly, I leave.

I, **Casey Jones**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Alex Rogers, the newspaper (good luck) and a trail map to all the state parks in Tennessee; to Roy Alley, the mile and a copy of the same trail map I gave Alex; to Ray Brooks, the 800 and some magic markers; to Joe Underwood, some running

shoes for your next trip to Shiloh and some more blow-pops; to Hunter Connelly, the basketball goal when you want to use it; to Frank Bass, Chemise's sister, a new rim, a bigger smile, Babu, and all my best wishes; to Babu Paruchuri, Frank; to Sloth, another B-B gun, a spare front tooth for all those college pick-up basketball games, some milkshakes in a glass tray, and an endless supply of vines; to David Wyckoff, another Father-Son banquet, a lifetime supply of swishes, and the 800; to Scott Hande et al (you know who you are), free passage to the closet; to Art Holscher, some scaffolding and "Go Quakers!"; to Justin Crosslin, my VCR some more baseball cards, year-round Christmas lights for your bushes, some water balloons, and "Guess What?"; to John Wesley, Beelzebub; to Charles Israel, a new rim, a Corvette of your own, and many, many thanks; to David Daniels, another dog, a new intercom system, a new tail gate, my approval to give me free tickets to the NCAA Division 1 men's baseball World Series and the Major League World Series when you play in it, some more troublesome neighbors, and best wishes; to Luke Davis, immense gratitude for your dedication to the task, willingness to work, and crea-

tive journalistic skills, an ankle brace for highball; to James Wood, a fire hydrant alert warning system for small, green BMW 325i's, "Dangi!"; and some "Unfini Bini"; to George Rietz, anything but "C" and the never ending CSAP program; to John Crosslin, new soles for those there wingtips; to the Cross Country and Track teams, my best wishes for continued good seasons; and to MBA, its faculty, and administration, thanks for six wonderful and enlightening years on the Hill and my hope and conviction that the canons of MBA's purpose, tradition, heritage, and strength will forever lead the charge of expanding the minds of tomorrow's leaders.

I, **Martin Jones**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to the class of 1992, hopes for a successful project graduation; to Roe Elam, a firm handshake and my bench max; to Malcolm Sewell, a year of family get togethers all to himself, a soccer ball, and a real church ball team; to John Inman, all my pole vaulting skill and tradition, full marketing rights to the West End Pirates basketball team, and my Chuch Taylors; to Chris Johnston, all my dance skills and my good judgement; to Tad Wood, a

What pickled
this frog,

Could pickle
your lungs.



The same formaldehyde that preserves dead frogs is found in cigarettes.

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chance to do Blazing Saddles on stage; to Andrew Dupps, some coordination and self-esteem; to Cabot Hyde, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; to Senior Todd, my Spanish, the name of Rockin' Rodd, and a toolbox; to Craig Spengler and Philip Avant, Nashville; to Drew Healy, a knee; to Tate McDaniel, a shirt and some sweat; to Earl Simmons, a band to play with, some seriousness, and that head shaking jig we do so well, and to various individuals, things that you probably do not have, and some that you might but probably cannot find or get enough of.

I, Walter Curtis Jones, III, of a mind, do hereby mindlessly bequeath the following: to Jarratt Bell, a hearty WHYEE?!; to Paul Devgan, some arcane, double-jointed hand signals, a promotion to Captain, my infallible Logic, and my ability to overwhelm the Space Slug; to Martin Fox, my calculus book; to Graham Goodloe, a loud "DADGUMMIT, DENGY-DENGY!"; to Scott Hande, a promotion to First Officer, my ability to jump to warp drive without leaving my seat, some Dilithium Crystals/fermented scalloped potatoes from Hell, sky rights to hyperspace, some weird songs about skunks, rabbits, flies, crows, and chickens, and the ability to "zap" the Space Slug; to Chris Johnston, my seat in assembly; to Shade Murray, the fact that the aliens don't look like Jim Kirk, Darth Vader, or Dr. Spock-they look like Elvis!; to Andrew Pearson, my love for listening to disco music while studying history; to Seth Robertson, some rap music; to Alex Rogers, statistics on Ivy League colleges, the pair of socks that I never returned, and my wonderful abilities for knit-picking on grammar in newspaper articles; to Brett Seshul, a surprise and more history classes with Mr. Herring; to Behdad Shahsavari, a sexual harassment charge; to Joe Underwood, your MBA shirt that I borrowed and some weird names for the warm-up exercises in Weights and Agilities; to Shad Weaver, my tenuous mastery of legal jargon; to Jackson Wray, a hearty "DADGUM, SON!

LET'S HEAR IT FOR HIS-TORY FROM THE FISH!"; to Winston Chapman, the right to give someone else the title of Space Slub, some exhaust from my truck, and some scalloped potatoes; to Ben Curtis, my chess skills and a "NANOO"; to Kavi Paruchuri, the nickname "Gracchus"; to Howard Rietz, my illumination; to Sanjay Shenai, one more threatening image of my truck's beat-up grille in your rearview mirror; to Russell Allen, some weird hand signals; to J.T. Steele, my ability to get down in that dadgum three-point stance and the funds to make a movie about it; to Mr. John Lanier, my dictionary of your terminology for math and the question "Whyee?"; to Dr. Harold Crowell, my Ode to Physics, my finesse with electrical circuits, memories about my driving skills, my multiplicitous puns and bad jokes, and many thanks for your college recommendations; to Mr. Daniel Herring, a hearty, "Hmmm-Yesssir!", my history papers that are always twice as long as they should be, my fascist tendencies, and many thanks for your college recommendations; to Mr. Robert Pruitt, a big "YO!"; to Mrs. Mary Helen Lowry, the knowledge that I, too, have gained a "heightened sensitivity to the promises of life" in her class; to Dr. Christian Niemeyer, the fact that Mr. Compton did draw a perfect circle two years ago and my thanks for college recommendations; to Dr. Allice Springer, muchas gracias for four great years of Spanish; and to MBA and its faculty and administration, many thanks for six broadening and fun years! Upon collecting these products of my infinite munificence, all heirs are required to hop on one foot, flap their arms like a bird, and whistle "I wish I were in Dixie" with one eye closed. As the reception of this boutny is contingent upon the successful completion of the ceremony, no person who fails to perform it shall have the right to make his or her claim. Signed on this the 31st day of May, 1991.

I, Justin Maestas, of sound, keen and intellectual mind and Mexican body, leave the following to J.T. Davenport, my futbol skills; to Benji, my soccer boots; to Rooky, a diploma of the Class of '91; to Dr. Springer, my excellent Spanish speaking abilities; to the sophomore class, a little bit of class; to Mrs. Christeson, my Latin pictures; to Mrs. Paschall, my ruined paint brushes; to the faculty and parents, an eye witness account of the party after Project Graduation; to Mr. Lanier, a tee European soccer club, Liverpool (the mighty red); and to MBA I leave my suave class and brilliant personality.

I, Taylor Mayes, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Hunter Connelly, a set of directions to and a how to use book for the MBA weight room, a brand new pair of knee pads, a shorter haircut, and best of luck in FCA and hoops next year; to Patrick Hale, some messiness, a new nickname, a Polo-free outfit, a vertical jump, more self-confidence, some Optifuel and an admission to Princeton; to Ryan Tyrrel, the ability to become a non-Gummy, a new strut, season tickets to Vandy basketball games, some playing time in basketball, and a dunk in a game next year; to Joe Underwood, a new woman, a frown, some more Marilyn Monroe posters, more steaks before games, some energy and a great senior year; to Glen Harris, a new jaw and good luck in baseball; to John Selongdongdinger, a last name, a Hillwood woman, the ability to get angry, and thanks for being a good guy; to Tad Wood, Gold Rush 91 and a notepad to record all of the moves with which I've schooled you in hoops; to R.A. Dickey, a simple "babaay" and the ability to be successful at three sports; to

John Arendale, the ability to deal with his older brother, some speed, a page in the T. Mayes book of women, and good luck for two more years on the hill; to Chris Johnston, another "babaay", NO tickets to the Chiefs games, a new reputation, a safe senior year; to Mrs. Hollins, a sincere thank you for listening to the students; to Mrs. Lowry, hopefully many more years at MBA teaching AP Life to seniors; and lastly to MBA, a continuation of tradition and excellence!

I, Tate McDaniel, being of an exhausted mine and a sweaty body, do hereby leave the following: to Chris Johnston, the ability to sweat, the Kansas girls, and will power; to Tad Wood, another great summer at Auto Wash and a date with Angel; to Eric Crawford, BOSS; to Joseph Kitt, the title of Chief Goggles from Kansas City twice; to Cabot Hyde, "What's up, Cab?", the truth about Keely, Helen D., and complain hour; to Drew Healy, a knee and the car at project graduation; to Richard Cummins, a face, a hamper of panties, my aggregate driveway, a date, and a

brand new Avis Shuttle Bus with a shoufers license; to De Thompson, some energy, memorial drives in the Sentra and the Turbo Coupe, Nashville, and a lady; to Robert Echols, it can be hot outside and the sun not be out, the chance to rephrase, "I'd rather be stupid than smart," and the ability to believe that someone else can actually be right sometimes; to Phillip Avant, a little patience and calmness and the fact that we will always have economy cars; to Andrew Dupps, some normalcy, the ability to overcome his insecurity, Jody's cousin from Chicago, and the ability to look beyond the surface; to Taylor Mayes, a little ability; to Martin Jones, late night dancing at the Jones' and lake house trips; to the seniors, an annual Cancun reunion, a certain fraternity brotherhood established between each other at graduation that will last forever; and to the Varsity football players, a successful season and the overwhelming sensation of being in full gear on Tommy Owen Field on Friday nights, establishing the best memories and friendships you will ever find.

photo by David Schenk



Dr. Neergard fires up the crowd with his annual concert.

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I, **James Nash**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to George Adams, a comb, a razor, some library insect repellent, a shirt to wear in those Bahamian hallways, a pizza, a vanilla shake, a Jeep, and a skinny puppy; to David Wyckoff, one more year of math with Mr. Caldwell; to Tab Burkhalter, more reliable manifestations of the intellectual demon within; to Bo Sundius, the recollection that I once knew you in a former life; to Kavi Paruchuri, the sincere hope that your brother's sweaters and jackets accompany him on his voyage to New Haven; to Chip Crossman, a "Hey Chip!" for the road; to everyone in Calculus BC, a 5 on the AP exam; to J.T. Steele, an understanding of Ecclesiastes 3; to John Butler, a chocolate éclair for every important day in your life; to Lance Carney, a ride; to Dave Daniels, one vision; to Jim Morehead, Alan Hassler; to Art Holscher, protection from single term denominators; to Keith Ikard, a Harley Sportster; to Alex Rogers, a working knowledge of the French psyche; to Garrett Kyle, the right to a fair and speedy trial and the apprehension that "sometime it will stick that way"; to Charles Israel, my REM anthology; to Mark Bittles, a Frenchball and a power top, but not my Godot; to Wally Jones, a surfboard, a crash helmet, and approximately \$240,000 for educational expenses; to Spencer Leek, a loaf of bread (that's all a man really needs); to Keith McCarty, a trip to the Scarborough Fair; to Babu Paruchuri, postage for matriculation-denial at countless universities, a trusty college friend who always writes down his assignments, a gas mask and a sock full of quarters, a "Yes" vote for legalized pari-mutuel gambling, and a graph of time versus time-squared; to Clay Posey, the Kenyon Chorus women and a pint of pig's blood; to Sarat Ramayya, mononucleosis, a Vanderbilt parking permit, and a misty mountain; to George Reitz, a crazy-straw periscope and the ability to drive for long distances on only two wheels; to John Schweikert, a bunch of used

pinball machine parts; to Philip Westermann, more cabbage cabbage; to Mrs. Hollins, a monogrammed desk and the assurance that I was *really* frightened by your "mean look"; to Greg Parker, a tankard of E strings (both kinds), a plastic giraffe, my Allan Holdsworth transcription book, a "Don't Spew!" bumper sticker, a creaky tremolo, and a love for jazz; to Loren Nash, my car, all my old notes and tests, and the spark of idealism; and to my parents, growing appreciation for your love and understanding.

Yes, there was a rather large white gap here.

I, **Brian Norment**, of sound mind and body, hereby give the following to the following: to Hunter Connelly, the quickness and ability to imitate Cummins; to Pat Hale, a chest and my pretty clothes, a few peabrains also; to Derek Van Mol, 20 ways to say "dude"; to Jarrat bell, real speed and my seat in the library; to Gaius Trabue, real leadership and the ability to say "shoomp"; to Carter Baker, honesty, and the desire to give at least 50% in track; to Hal Pickel, intelligence; to Michael Weldon, swamp water, self-control after swamp water.

I, **Clay Posey**, of fried mind and weary body hereby leave the following: to James Nash, an endless supply of pink socks and a water sprinkler; to Julian Bibbb, the ability to stay with a man and not get beat on one move and the ability to run to Vandy and not throw up; to Andy Russ, a part of my brain; to Mr. Caldwell, all my Calculus knowledge; to the freshmen, the knowledge that all the hard work will eventually be worth something; to Austin Koon, the ability to slack more than anyone else and still make good grades; to Coach Dougherty, the fact that passion will always rule reason; to Shade Murray, a haircut; to Andy Barrett, a hopful soccer career; to Master, Disciple, Sparky, and Tweety, a table to sit at and my position on the team; to David Wyckoff, the ability to laugh in class and

not be seen by the teacher; to Greg Parker, the ability to fight when mace has been sprayed in one's face; to Wally Jones, a sun tan; and to John Schweikart, a pipe bomb and my Marine fighting knife.

I, **Arthur Reid**, being of stressed mind and weary body, do hereby leave to Mr. Moxley all of the pictures I didn't take this year; to J.T. Steele, a manly man's flash and a real social life; to Justin Crosslin, all my typed schedules for photography (if they really exist); to a rising senior, the ability to speed type a theme at 3 a.m.; and to Chris Steele I leave the pleasure of driving to Alabama.

I, **George Rietz**, being of highly trained body and of highly distracted mind, leave the following items to the following people: to the estate of Casey Jones, the deceased's socks, sweat pants, and Purple Paladins t-shirt; to Randy Tidwell, a "Whassop!" and a tank of gas; to the passengers and crew of the Vitamin Sea (all deceased), paid-up Schenk insurance (good in any vehicle piloted by said individual); to Jason Barton, a fleshpile (Don't forget, Matt); to Ray Brooks and Robert West, the legacy of the Big Red 4 x 800; to Alex Rogers, my respect and a new foot that won't fall asleep; to John Crosslin, a vehicle massive enough to handle all those bothersome trees (P.S. I guess you just got one.) a sub-4:30 mile; to my brother Howard, a large, blue station wagon and my harem; to Justin Crosslin, the right to yell "I hate the Irish" at Jack Walser during any race and a sub-4:30 mile; to John Price, the Complete Junior School Survival Kit; to Mr. Compton, my full attention (Did that shock you?) and my thanks; to Mr. Pruitt, my mental map of Belle Meade for any freshman who reminds him of me; to my youth group, lots of luck and some new faces; to MBA, I leave... hoping that I've contributed Something.

I, **David Schenk**, being of exhausted mind and skeletal body, do hereby leave the following: the early morning, rush hour traffic drive in from H'ville to Matt Zibas and Ben

Nimmo; to J.T. Steele, my key to the darkroom so that he can filch anything he wants at will; to anybody who can use a camera—no, you don't count J.T.—the photography editorship of *The Bell Ringer* (like I did anything with it); to Mr. Moxley, I leave my sympathy for his recurring nightmare that *Bell* editors will never be responsible; to James Wood, the assurance that "I won't lay a finger on her!"—"Yeah, right. That's what I told Charles"; to George Rietz I leave the ability to drive in a straight line; to George Adams I leave all the extra Cheeba-Cheeba products; to Deepak Raja I leave a shoe to chew on while talking to Woody; to Charles Israel I leave a set of keys to my house, so he can use the hot tub whenever he wants; to Arthur Reid I leave a BRAND NEW map to my house, even though he'll never use it; and to John Roberts I leave nothing, I paid your way long enough; to the school I leave my photographic creativity encompassed in *The Bell* and *The Bell Ringer*, and the rest I'm taking to the grave.

I, **Walter Southwood**, being of mind and body, do hereby leave the following to: Martin Fox, the knowledge that there is life after CSAP (Hang in there!); to Patrick Hale, the reality you'll never get a dunk in a game (if ever); to Hunter Connelly, the strength to hold next year's basketball team together; to John Wallace, the challenge to see more Big Red baseball games than I, some interesting stories, and box of Tic Tacs; to David Fitzgerald, the ability to analyze a situation; to Glenn Harris, the luck to make it through your senior year uninjured; to R.A. Dickey, the green light to "fire the tri-factor," to next year's basketball team, the challenge to win more than 24 games and to win a state championship; to Ray Brooks, 1/2 the job as Mary's "big brother," a free road trip to I.U., and the strength to do what you want; to Joe Underwood, clean pockets, success with women, and the ability to hold your own in the paint next year; and to John Schlansker, 1/2 the job as Mary's "big brother," appreciation of Big Ten basketball, the gruel-

ing, thankless job of 4-man, and my jersey, #44.

I, **Christopher T. Steele**, being of perverted mind and contaminated body, currently under investigation by the EPA, ERA, NRA, FDA, ASPCA, CIA, FBI, NOW, TEA, AAA, HUD, and just about every organization which is called by its initials, do hereby bequeath the following moments of my existence at MBA: to Grant Seshul, all the headaches of being FCA secretary; to Jarrat Bell, my complete collection of Jimmy Carter campaign buttons; to Alex Rogers, a copy of my masterful manuscript *Demon Lords of the Black Elf God*; to anyone who wants it, my locker; to Bo Bartholomew, the Mephistophelean guide to selecting music; to John Wallace, a set of teeth; to all juniors, admonitions about the pitfalls of early decision; to Hunter Connelly, my massive musical talent; to Patrick King, one tuxedo and a beanie with a propeller; and if anyone else wants anything, it's theirs!!

I, **Chris Vlahos**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Pat Hale, the onus of right-field sun, the ability to hit over 0.185, the intellect to dump Pea-brain, Diceman's Greatest hits, and the ability to slide without getting dirt on your polo undershirt; to Hunt, a pillow for your dad's desk, the ability to endure, Pat's ego for one more year, NWA's "Just Don't..." knee pads, an apple (Hunt, you know), a smashed-up Robert Earl Keen, Jr. tape, the ability to relate to Maddie and five dollars to give Pat; to Tiger and the title the most talented non-football player ever and Greg Holyfield to play gin with; to the Dickster, Coach Forehand's summer work schedule; to Tad, realization that UT hasn't beaten Bama since your days at Ensworth, the pleasure of seeing me in K-ville; to Malcolm, Abby; to Rookie, my sarcasm, chicken and pringlos, and a key to my back gate; to Ryan, Waibo, #44, and my varsity basketball letter; to Junior baseball players, Cocoa Beach (i.e. P. Hale's F.S.U.).

I, **Alex Waddey**, being of sound mind and very able

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body leave to the following: Joe Underwood- the far baseline, bubble bath lotion, and clean pockets; Pat Hale- a Ken body, my sister, and any available eighth grader; Carter Baker- Craig Gillam and the task of getting out of the mile relay; Austin Koon- all my hurdle drills; Randy Tidwell- spider man qualities; Hunter Connelly- my speed and jumping ability (he'll need it); to Roy Alley the job of giving Pruitt a hard time; John Wallace a box of Tic-Tacs to give to whomever he wants; to Ray Brooks my optimist shirt, a cellular phone to meet people, my watch, a toilet, my blocks, the traditional handshake, the thought of Spring Break in the Bahamas, Los's girlfriend, Mr. Sunshine's friendship, Julie Wooly, and a haircut; Michael Weldon the dream of going Bahamas; Mark Szydlo the ability to speak my language; Tad Wood all my gold; David Fitzgerald a conscience, a book on philosophy, my ability to play ping pong, a razor, a girl who really does want him; Glenn Harris the number of Gamblers Anonymous, the ability to be taken by a T Edwards sale clerk; Ryan Tyrell my Tecmo bowl crown, a list of UT football players now in jail (only in the 90's or the list would be too long); RA Dickey the ability to shoot a jumper without a conscience, a defensive stance, and a clue; David Howerton Hillsboro touch football; Grant Seshul a deep voice (so he won't have to try); Michael Anderson the memories of computer class, a calm conversation with Claire a real school (not BA), the search for a new girlfriend; and MBA I leave the best senior class to come through the school, along with the best basketball team ever.

I, Philip Westerman, being of sound mind and body, leave the following: to Seth Robertson, I leave my collection of Beaglewear, a gift certificate to Banana Republic, and free passes at the Brentwood Theatre; to Michael Loftin, I leave my shoes consumed with lighter fluid, and a free membership to the Amy Grant fan club; to Breen Frazier, the Gucci chess set

that you dropped; to the car pool, I leave my Menudo and Amy Grant tapes, a sticker from my vacation to Iowa, and scuba gear to go along with your front License plate; to Charles Israel and James Wood, I leave a warsher and dryer; to Chris Steele, I leave my African drum to match your bookbag, my tentative driving skills, and thankless use of my condo in Ioridia; to Will Gray, I leave you an unlimited supply of Hillwood golf scorecards, a one set lead for the next time we play tennis, an award for "Most opinionated," and the nickname, "Roy."

I, Charlie Williams, being of sound mind and steroid free body do hereby leave the following: to Hunter Connelly, a physique; to Joe Underwood, Alison the Bahamian goddess; to R.A. Dickey, a defensive stance and a three point shot; to David Fitzgerald, a share of Alison the Bahamian goddess and any other large yankee women he cares to pursue; to Brent Miller, a bat-tin average; to Ray Brooks, organizations skills, leadership abilities, and a banana peel; to Ryan Tyrell, Wade Houston and the rest of the UT basketball program; to Glenn Harris, a two-handed reverse scoop shot; to Father Ryan, the humiliation of being defeated by MBA in every sport known to man; to John Shalaginscronger, a temper; to Randy Tidwell, a real red-neck accent; to Pat Hale, a roll of Charmin, a can of Cruex, a real chest, a fade-away jumper, and training rules; and to John Wallace, some driving lessons.

I, James Wood, being of sound and body, do hereby leave the following items to the following people: to James Huang, the cart, the room, the keys, and all responsibilities that pertain to football; to Wolf, the ability to drive a golf cart without running into a wall; to Geometry, a great next year; to Izzy, the finding of a woman who won't dictate you life; to Dave, a bigger boat and also two perfect circles and some parallel lines; to Sparky, more Mac tricks and the ability to become the ultimate hacker; to Brian, the most perfect

Heavy Metal Corner

By John Butler and Greg Parker

We are back and alas, it is time for the final installment of this epic adventure that we call Heavy Metal Corner. Through the years, we have endowed upon you mere mortals facts that could destroy normal men. Enough introduction, our space is limited. In this last article, you cannot expect the latest in metal news because this is our article and we could care less about pleasing you pathetic little toadies. Yeah, John and I were pretty bummed out when we heard that we missed the deadline to turn in our last wills. Oh well, I guess that we will just have to include them in this article. Here they are:

John's: I, John Butler, being of Hacked mind and Wrestling body, do hereby leave the following: to J.T. Steele, a life-size replica of Gizmo from "Gremlins", To Mr. Caldwell, a larger than life version of a giant John Deere® mower and a stainless-steel pull cord. To Tweety, Master, Disciple and Sparky, I leave a lunch table of their own to enjoy and teach the insane ways of their black magic; To Clay Posey, I leave a chicken, dragoons, scandal mongers, furriers, and upper crust black sheep, a pappy, a copy of Slaughterhouse V, a large amount of SPECIE, and a greenhouse of his own, To Bryce Hillis, I leave his full name, Laddie Zera Hillis Jr., some real guitar skills, a small bag of mockery, and

another piece of cacca Volvo®, To Lauren Kostyk, I leave myself at Vanderbilt and 3 years of memories.

Greg's: I, Greg Parker, being of sound mind and able body do hereby bequeath the following: to Clay Posey, a pint of pig's blood, a Wayburn whip, a Vector T, a bucket of KFC, eternal protection from the PO-lice and auto accidents, a successful shroom deal, a plump, chicken, and the spinning knife kick of Jean-Claude Van Damme, to James Nash, a Raintree sprinkler system, the complete Guy-Mann-Dude anthology, the '92 line of Bugle Boy attire, an endless supply of cute baby-blue socks, a flagon of mead, and the whammy bar technique of Jay Jay French, to Mr. Gaither, a scabbard, a couple of CBU's, and a new vampire joke, to Tab Burkhalter, that it to say to the person of Tab, in other words, to the physical embodiment of Mr. Burkhalter, etc., to Mildred, Squawk!, to Shawn Strauss, s Mickey Mouse T, and to Winn Keithly, a guide to correct sitting, the chess knowledge of Mark Ishee, and a tall, skinny imaginary friend named "Skippy"

Now we we will devote the rest of our column to giving you the little metal knowledge we have left to spend on you gullible cretins. I mock you I mock you I mock you!

One event to definitely look forward to is the Pink Floyd laser show coming up at Starwood on June 14. One can also expect the long-awaited double album of Guns and Roses and the new Metallica album to surface some time

this summer. Cinderella, following the success of their new album, **Heartbreak Station**, is now touring the U.S. Bah!(Bah Ha!)

Ba Ha! He! Hounds are on your trail, you miserable cretins! You will do all we say! Moo Hoo Hoo Ha Ha Ha.

And now, it is the time to pass on the torch that is the essence of Heavy Metal Corner: What two fools could possibly be worthy of underaking this great task? None of course, but we are willing to make a compromise to two miserable, ankle-grabbing pebles: Kyle Smithson and the knee-biter of his choice.

Should Kyle choose to defer this great honor, we leave the choosing up to Lucifer himself. Now the quotes:

The anticipation of death is much worse than death itself."

Steven

Seagal
"Laughter, Laughter, All I hear or see is laughter, laughing at my cries!"

James

Hetfield
Words of wisdom:
"Always tread the middle path: between logical causality and mysticism, passion and reason, the heart and the mind. Treat fairly those you may encounter on this path, while keeping your eyes transfixed just above the horizon, remembering the lessons of the past and the promise of the future."

Greg

Parker
"Nothing in moderation."

John

Butler

Later.

handshake capable of bringing many victories; to Walter, someone who can tape your ankles; and to Beau, a better debate partner.

D
O
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E



Patrick Wilson Library photo by David Schenk
Montgomery Bell Academy,
Nashville, Tennessee

POTPOURRI

Echo and the Bunnymen - Reverberation

by Eric Greenwood
Entertainment Editor

Emerging from the Liverpool music scene during the post punk era of the late seventies, Echo and the Bunnymen established themselves as one of the more prominent bands around by mixing influences from the sixties (the Doors, Velvet Underground) with the psychedelic splintering of gothic music.

With frontman Ian McCulluch, the Bunnymen would rise beyond the doom and gloom image of the early eighties to produce some of the most ethereal and luscious melodies in the alternative scene. Almost a decade later, the Bunnymen met a few tragedies. In 1988, drummer Pete DeFreitas was killed in a motorcycle accident, and vocalist Ian McCulluch left to pursue a solo career. Leaving only bassist Les Pattison and guitarist Will Seargent, the Bunnymen were thought to be defunct. Two years later, however, the Bunnymen returned with a new album and line-up much to the chagrin of ex-vocalist Ian McCulluch. Bunnymen purists were reluctant to accept the new vocalist Noel Burke, but the new album *Reverberation*, is

Pruitt Dictionary
compiled by
Justin Crosslin
staff writer

1. Peoplewaste - Steeplechase
2. Not - the opposite of whatever Roy Alley says
3. Yes, I am- response when one calls Mr. Pruitt
4. Look, but do not touch- Do not touch what you are looking at.
5. Sinus Fair- Science Fair
6. Hope Session- Help Session.
7. Magic!- When Mr. Pruitt doesn't know the answer to a question.
8. Jawg!- Jog!
9. Run around like an idiot-term used to describe one who runs around when he should not.
10. Stifle!- Easy!

an excellent start for the new group.

Reverberation is quite a change of direction from the last self-titled Bunnymen release in 1987. The album emphasizes the psychedelic guitar snippets reminiscent of *Crocodiles* (their first album) and the melancholic melodies of new lead vocalist Noel Burke. Burke's voice does not have the atmospheric resonance that McCulluch's has, but it is distinguished and it fits the album well.

Reverberation opens with "Gone, Gone, Gone." The clever lyrics and melodies of the first single "Enlighten Me" pave the way for the rest of the album. The two best songs on the album, "King of Your Castle" and "Flaming Red" cement the Bunnymen back in their place in the music scene.

While ex-vocalist Ian McCulluch is at work on his second solo effort, the new Echo and the Bunnymen are touring Europe. Hopefully, they will reach the States this summer.

The Starwood Jam

Fans Flock to Country Concert

by John Crosslin
staff writer

In early May, Starwood Amphitheatre played host to the 14th annual Volunteer Jam, a concert in which numerous acts play for approximately ten hours. People from all over the South started showing up at about 2:00 to see the 14th Volunteer Jam hosted by The Charlie Daniels Band. Many people soon packed Starwood Amphitheatre in the seats and on the lawn to see their favorite stars perform.

Most of the people enjoyed the music. The performers included guest star: Wet Willie, who opened, and also bands such as Bo Diddley, Ted Nugent, Tanya Tucker,



Above: Senior Arthur Reid performs a routine.

Arthur Reid: MBA's Figure Skater

by Casey Jones
Editor-in-Chief

Throughout the year at *The Bell Ringer*, we, the editorial staff, have tried to highlight the major accomplishments of a variety of sports teams, among other items. Many of MBA's teams have competed quite successfully this year, winning district, region, or even state titles in several sports. One sport in which MBA is represented does not receive nearly the amount of coverage as other sports: the sport described is competitive figure skating, and the MBA representative is senior

Arthur Reid. Recently, *The Bell Ringer* had the chance to discuss with Arthur his accomplishments and experiences in the realm of figure skating.

BR: How long have you been skating?

AR: I have been skating since fourth grade at Oak Hill School.

BR: How did you become interested in such a sport as competitive figure skating?

AR: I was watching the Olympics on television, and right then and there, I decided I wanted to compete in figure skating.

BR: Where do you do most of your skating?

AR: I skate at the Centennial Sportsplex on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday; on the weekends, I travel to Huntsville, Alabama where I skate with a group and receive additional coaching.

BR: How much time is involved in practicing?

AR: I spend about 2 hours in the afternoons during the weekdays, and I practice for about 4 hours a day in Huntsville on the weekends.

BR: What types of skating can one do in competition?

AR: At the junior level, there are two programs a skater can perform.

The short program involves two minutes, ten seconds of skating with a required number of jumps and spins to be performed.

The long program entails four minutes of skating without any guidelines.



Skipworth salutes Luke Davis

Luke Davis has played an active role in many areas of school life. Luke has exemplified the epitome of hard work and dedication to the task. As a junior member of Cum Laude (top seven percent of his class), Sports Editor of *The Bell Ringer*, Vice President of the Service Club, and member of the Varsity wrestling team, Luke has shown stellar leadership capabilities. Outstanding leadership and hard work have marked the Class of 1991, and it is fitting that we leave you this year with one of the most outstanding leaders of our class.

Luke will be attending Princeton University next year.

Skipworth
EXCEPTIONAL
PORTRAITURE

**Good Luck
to the Seniors
Next Year!**

SPORTS

Varsity Track Takes Region, Finishes 3rd in State

by George Rietz
staff writer

As the 1991 season drew to a close, MBA's Varsity Track team continued to post the best performances in the school's history. In the Optimist Relays, the city championships, the Big Red crushed all other contenders behind strong field events, including Carter Baker's winning 13-foot pole vault. Throwers Shannon Durrett and Andy Ward took third in the discus and fifth in the shot put, respectively, as a very busy Alex Waddey won the high jump and placed third in the long jump. Big Al continued his busy ways with a victory in the 110 hurdles and a second place finish in the 300 intermediates. Despite the rain, a strong distance crew clinched the Big Red win: Casey Jones and Keith Ikard finished 1-2 in the mile, and Jones dashed for second in the 800 meters. Roy Alley snagged 2nd in the 3200, and the team rushed off to prom with its first city championship in approximately 30 years.

The team then journeyed to McGavock the following week to compete in the prestigious Banner Relays, a meet marked by the appearance of MBA's Official Track Weenie, Joe Alternate (reportedly disguised as John Dunkerley). Inspired by the Weenie, Casey Jones and Alex Waddey shattered school records in the mile (4:20.9) and 110 hurdles (14.3), respectively. Waddey and Robert West leaped to 3rd and 5th in the high jump, as vaulters Matt Inman and Martin Jones took 3rd and 4th. Shannon Durrett took 5th in the discus, and Sam Bartholomew threw 5th and 6th in the shot and discus, respectively. Waddey captured the 300 intermediates, and Casey Jones grabbed second in the 800, scaring yet another school record. Keith Ikard conquered all comers in the 3200 with his best performance of the season. When the dust had settled, however, the Big Red had fallen a mere point short of victorious Hunters Lane.

The tracksters returned to McGavock the next week to avenge last year's 1/4 point Region loss and last week's close defeat. All athletes hoped for a team victory and the chance to make the State meet (by finishing the either 1st or 2nd in an event). In the decathlon, senior Alex Waddey captured first with Austin Koon (4th) and John Koon (5th) following closely. Vaulters Carter Baker, John Inman, and Martin Jones swept the pole vault as both Baker and Inman qualified for the State with a 1-2 finish. Shot putter Sam Bartholomew took 4th, and Alex Waddey won the long jump, eclipsing the school record of 22 feet with a jump of 22' 1 1/2". In the high jump, Waddey teamed up with fellow senior John Dunkerley to claim 3rd and 6th, respectively.

Waddey opened the running events by winning both hurdling events and by breaking his own school record (110 highs-14.2). Waddey also claimed the school record in the 300 intermediate

hurdles with a time of 38.7 seconds. Casey Jones won the mile and the 800, and Keith Ikard and Roy Alley placed 3rd and 4th in the 3200. The mile relay team took sixth to seal the victory for the Mighty Big Red. In the end, MBA had beaten runner-up Whites Creek by nearly 40 points and had qualified four athletes for the State meet to be held at MBA on the following Saturday.

With four athletes representing the school in seven events, eager fans anticipated a high State finish for the Big Red. The State Track Meet returned to MBA

once again amid muggy and humid conditions. MBA's only victory at the State was Carter Baker's win in the pole vault. John Inman followed Baker with an 5th place vault. After a second place finish in the decathlon, Alex Waddey again long-jumped over 22 feet to place fourth. Waddey also took third place in both the 110 high hurdles and 300 intermediate hurdles to close out his MBA track career.

Casey Jones grabbed 4th in the mile run and 5th in the 800 meter run, a race in which he broke a school record (New record -1:57.0) that had stood for 24 years. The team managed to compile 38 points, enough to earn them 3rd place, the best team finish in MBA history.

Next year's team will lose school record holders Alex Waddey, Casey Jones, and Keith Ikard, but should remain very competitive. Decathletes Austin Koon and John Inman will return, as will State Champion pole vaulter Carter Baker. Throwers Sam Bartholomew and Shannon Durrett will be back as well. Ray Brooks, Robert West, and David Wyckoff will continue to support the middle distance open and relay events while next year's distance crew will boast the likes of Roy Alley, Justin Crosslin, John Crosslin, and Taylor Harris. The team will retain depth, but a great responsibility falls on every returning athlete to develop himself as a champion and a team leader.

photo by David Schenk



Above: Senior Alex Waddey dominates all other opponents in the 110 high hurdles.

Below: Senior Casey Jones leads the 1600 field at the Region.



Big Red Baseball Triumphs In District 11-AAA

by Brent Miller
staff writer

At the end of a very fruitful regular season for the Big Red, MBA entered the district tournament looking back at a league leading 11-1 district record. With two victories over both second place Father Ryan and third place Overton, the Big Red finished the regular season with only one loss to Hillwood.

As the number one seed in the tournament and under the leadership of 11-AAA Coach of the Year Fred Forehand, the Big Red avenged their earlier loss to a very talented and well coached Hillwood team with the score of 9-4. After many days of rain the Big Red finally faced Overton, a game whose crowd support rivaled that of the Steeplechase. MBA jumped out to an early lead behind the "loaded" bats of Tiger Harris and Chris

Vlahos which caused the Overton coach to approach the mound before the ball actually left the park.

After two hitful innings, the Bobcat catcher, who was tired of being blamed for the plethora of hits, decided to quit the deflated Bobcat squad, but later reconsidered after a lengthy discussion with his coach. The Big Red Machine sputtered in the bottom of the seventh by allowing the Bobcats to score the tying and winning runs with two outs, thus allowing Overton to acquire its first victory of the season against the Big Red. Next, after playing for several hours, the Big Red stepped into the second half of the double-header to face the Father Ryan having on the mound once again the Irish's league MVP, Mark Kolodjeski for the third time. Fate was not with our brave ball players, however. They lost in a tough contest.

After the hard loss to Father Ryan, the baseball team headed into single-elimination Regional action having won the regular season championship and eagerly awaiting Hunters Lane from District 12-AAA. The Warriors proved too powerful in the end upending MBA in a close 5-4 contest. Receiving All-District honors for the Big Red were Michael Brooks, David Daniels, Chris Vlahos, Glenn Harris, and R.A. Dickey.

The 1991 Varsity Baseball team members should be congratulated for their accomplishments.

Congratulations to
the
1991
Varsity Baseball
Team on their
Regular
Season District Title

SPORTS

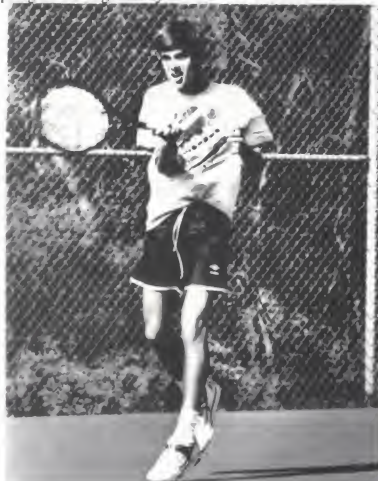
Tennis Team Battles in State

by Mark Bittles
staff writer

The tennis season began early this year when the team traveled to Fort Lauderdale during spring break to get ready

Sportsplex.

The team was actually allowed to make some out-of-state trips this year. We travelled to Louisville to compete against Trinity and St. Xavier. We won a close



Senior Mark Bittles smashes a forehand. photo by David Schenk

for the upcoming matches. This early work has evidently paid off, for the team is in a position to make a run for the state title. This year's tennis squad is composed of a good mixture of students from all grades 9-12. The top seven players include Morgan Parker, Mark Bittles, Sammy Smaldone, Andy Stoll, David Fitzgerald, David Mason, and Greg Jones. Presently, Morgan and Mark are involved in state singles play while our doubles teams, Sam/Greg and Andy/David, are in doubles action at the Centennial

contest against Trinity, defeating them 5-4. The following day, we lost to St. Xavier by the same score. When all the matches are accounted for, the tennis team's record thus far is 12-3 (Only one of those losses was to a team composed of American citizens).

The squad is heading into the State tournament with high hopes. We look to add to the extremely successful 1990-1991 MBA athletic year.



Freshman Tracksters Grab 4th Straight City Title

by Andrew Vahrenkamp
staff writer

One certain constant in the world of athletics during the spring at MBA is the dominance of the Freshman track team. Under the guidance of Coach Bill Compton, the latest group of Frosh attempted to repeat as city champions for the fourth consecutive year.

Destiny seemed to smile upon these athletes after a demolishing victory over the Toppers of Hillwood. Leading the Frosh to a 73-24 win were Robert West with wins in the high jump, long jump, and the 400 meter dash and Brandon Shea with shot put and discus victories. Against Hunters Lane, the next opponent, the Big Red soared to a 36-0 lead after the field events, eventually taking the meet in a 89-11 crashing of the Warriors. The Big Red Freshmen won every event except the 200 and were paced by West, Shea, Joseph Bradon, Derrick Buckspan, and Andrew Smogur.

The next contestants, Overton, David Lipscomb, Whites Creek, and the ever-powerful Maplewood Panthers, did not fare much better; the Big Red margin of victory in each meet against these teams was at least 40 points.

The Nashville Relays loomed great before the team, as it was the scene of last year's team only loss; however, the other teams were no match for our dominant group of Freshmen tracksters. Riding dramatic field event and 4 x 800 victories, the Freshmen held off an FRA surge to capture the title 42-38.

The 1991 Metro Championship at Overton was the seventh and final



Robert West leaps to new heights. photo by David Schenk

contest of the year. Here, too, the Frosh leaped out to an overpowering lead after the field events and held that lead throughout the meet with strong showings by Robert West, Brandon Shea, Andrew Smogur, Taylor Harris, Brad Sloan, Geoff Zimmerman, and all the relay teams. When the final results were in, MBA had again emerged city cham-

pions for the 4th straight year with a final tally of 114 points to 2nd place Lipscomb's 87 points.

The greatly impressed Coach Pruitt should certainly have some excellent sophomore runners, jumpers, hurdlers, and vaulters for next year's varsity season.

JV Soccer Goes Undefeated

by Paul Moser
writer

This spring, the junior varsity soccer team posted its first undefeated season in several years. The team showed vast improvement because of the strength of the team and the expertise of the new coach Mr. Dougherty. "It was fun to coach the JV because the team showed week-by-week improvement and worked together well," says Coach Dougherty.

The team, consisting of students from eighth-grade through eleventh grade, was led by the ball-handling of Ben Curtis, Malcolm Sewell, Michael Weldon, Charlie Thombs and Alex Rodgers, and strong defensive play

from Bo Mixon, Roe Elam, Rob Welholter, and fullbacks Braxton Bradley and Paul Moser.

This year's junior varsity soccer squad began the season with an easy win over Stratford and ties with USN and McGavock. Wins over Hillwood and Overton, as well as the seasons best performance, a 2-1 win over Father Ryan, capped off the JV's 5-0-3 record. All year the outstanding goalkeeping of Ed Martin kept the JV in the game.

You heard it first, Coach Dougherty will be back, and he looks forward to another successful season as assistant varsity coach.

**Congratulations to all the
MBA athletic teams on an
absolutely fantastic 1990-1991
school year!**

-from a friend

Poe's Sporting

Goods

Go Big Red!!

Westgate Shopping Center

Highway 100

SPORTS

Sports Year-In-Review

by Luke Davis
Sports Editor

WHEN THEY WERE young, people used to watch them on tennis courts and baseball diamonds, in YMCA gyms, around small dusty tracks, and on grassy meadows where soccer and football was played. It was understood that most of them would someday don the cardinal and silver to fight for the Mighty Big Red, so it was impossible not to dream of the impending glories of the future. As scrawny boys grew into strong, swift, graceful competitors, the hope became tangible and the victories of the present were inherited by the thick history of Montgomery Bell Academy athletics.

In the gentle August



air of 1990, these athletes were preparing for the Fall season. At Cross-Country camp, Coach Pruitt was preparing MBA runners to win their tenth Region Championship in as many years. On the links, golfers refined their strokes. At school, Coach Owen's team was being toughened by twice-daily practices punctuated by hard-hitting Oklahoma drills. Others, whose seasons of action were not expected until winter or spring, worked on fundamentals in summer drills. All knew, however, like those that preceded them, that the goal of every MBA team was excellence and the dream of being number one in the District, Region, State. Early tests revealed that these goals were well within reach if potential was not only fulfilled but exceeded.

Once school began, the quick successes in cross-country and football mobilized a new upsurge of school

spirit. The vocal Pat Harkleroad and the mysterious Big Red Dawg brought enthusiastic support to every competition. MBA students watched Mr. Caldwell's young MBA golf team propel itself to a second-place District finish and D.J. Salinas to the State Tournament. A new spectator sport was discovered at the Steeplechase, where the harriers strided to strong finishes in the A.F. Bridges Classic and in the Drake Invitational. A rivalry grew up between two students, who, in consecutive weekends, traveled to Lexington and Oak Ridge in competition for the prestigious Fan-of-the-Year Award (the winner came up with extra points by going to practice—a ten-mile Breakfast

run).

On Friday nights, however, the place-to-be was at MBA football games. Despite the rain-drenched conditions week after week, De Thompson's wishbone offense and its battalion of running backs combined with a stingy defense of quick linemen supported by Echols and Brooks on the inside and by Underwood and Mason in the secondary, which seemed to catch more passes than did opposing receivers. The fifth win, over Hunters Lane, marked Coach Owen's 250th career win, an elite yard-marker for an elite coach. Already in this season there had been many great moments, such as the triumph over Kentucky's Warren Central, when students came to the fence to watch the Big Red score the winning touchdown in overtime, but, as Coach Owen reminded, there were five games to go.

November brought

the postseason for Fall sports and the preseason for Winter ones. While wrestlers and basketball players relearned old shots and moves and got in shape with long conditioning workouts, cross-country continued their dominance by winning once again the District (MBA is the only team that has ever won it) and Region titles, as Casey Jones set a new Region record. In the State meet, Ikard, Jones, Alley, and company scored a fifth-place finish. Meanwhile, the football players had captured the District title by defeating Whites Creek and then formerly-undefeated Hillwood in a Championship for the ages. In the first round of the playoffs, the Big Red knocked out Glencliff to earn the right to face Gallatin for the Regional championship. Hundreds of "pumped-up" fans made the trip north to see the defense shut down the Green Wave. Time after time, Bleecker made big third-down stops, and an 80+ yard punt by Harkleroad secured the win. The effort at Gallatin was typical of the year for all sports in the way the whole squad worked to make their combined talents greater than the sum of individual ones, and greater than that of physically-superior opponents. Although the football team fell to eventual finalist Germantown 6-3, the 1990 Big Red, with twelve wins under its belt, could claim itself the most successful in history.

After a month of tough practices, both the Basketball team and the Wrestling team felt ready for a challenge. They were. MBA's grapplers opened the season by crushing rival Brentwood High before going on to win three straight tournaments: the Hillsboro Classic, the Cleveland Duals, and the Overton Invitational. The team seemed very well-focused, especially in Cleveland, where they outshone Chattanooga teams considered among the best in the state. Basketball started out on a roll as well, winning their first eight games before encountering the "number one team in the nation," Whites Creek, who would be their nemesis all year long. Great Senior leadership by Taylor Mayes, Walter Southwood, Alex Waddey, and Charlie Williams was complemented

by underclass hustle.

In January, while U.S. troops moved in on Iraq, MBA launched its own Desert Storm, scorching opponents into submission. The riflery team caused fear in the Middle East because of their potential as snipers when they proved themselves by winning the state. The cagers, led by Waddey dunks and Williams' Tomahawk shots, long and accurate, headed into the District tournament as the number-two seeded team, following big wins over Glencliff and Hillwood. As Spring Break approached, Coach Thoni's players kept on winning, except in the District and Region finals, where they were plagued by the Cobras. The team ultimately came within one game of the State Tournament, an achievement which arguably places them among the top ten teams in the state. In the future this year's team will be remembered as the winningest MBA team ever.

After Christmas, as the Big Red wrestlers headed into tough competition, the wrestling room got hotter in order to temper the injury-dwindling ranks. Despite their best efforts, the District and Region Dual Meet Championships slipped away in controversy and disappointment, but the team rallied behind captains Carney and Downer and Coach Killian to capture its second consecutive Region Individual title. At the State tournament, MBA was represented impressively by eleven wrestlers, including place-winners Sanders, Carney, Downer, and Leek. In addition, this group of self-made athletes finished the highest ever, fourth place in the state.

In the Spring, the rains came. Baseball, Tennis, Lacrosse, Soccer, and Track found themselves fighting the weather or avoiding it, but there were many wins when

normal play resumed. After the annual trip to Cocoa Beach, the Baseball team, led by Daniels' and Dickey's pitching and by Vlahos', Harris', and Brooks' power, rolled over neighborhood rivals to claim the District title and Region Semifinal berth for Coach Forehand.

The Tennis team, behind Bittles, Parker, and an array of doubles support, marched through the season, winning the District and Region in both the individual and team tournaments. Coach Lanier's "football" types posted a flurry of nil games for their opponents, as Russ' shots took down Ryan and McGavock.

The District and Region Soccer Plaques came home to MBA for the first time in a decade. Lacrosse had another successful season as State Runner-Up, and the Track team was overpowering. Waddey's versatility in field events and sprints, Baker's state champion pole vaulting skills, and Casey Jones' distance excellence pulled the team to a third-place finish in the State Meet (the best an MBA team has ever finished) as school records fell as often as the rain. It was the incredible depth across the board, though, that found Dr. Drake announcing MBA as the Doug Hall, Optimist, and Region Champions.

Although this year will probably be most remembered for its victories and its championships, the class and sportsmanship which the players exhibited was as evident as it has been in every MBA season. Perhaps this virtue alone makes these gentleman champions, but the discipline, intellect, and achievement that they produced in their inning of the Game of Life make them athletes for all time.



POTPOURRI

Varsity Soccer Claims Region Soccer Title

by Luke Davis
Sports Sultan

Four years ago, hacky sack was sweeping the campus and providing hours of entertainment for underclassmen at MBA. Then, suddenly, it died out. Why? Makers of the footbag sent in detectives who were shocked to discover the culprit: Soccer.

This spring has proven that the foot control the 1991 MBA Soccer team developed paid off in the win column as the Big Red dribbled, passed, and shot their way into the Sub-State tournament, stomping ground for Tennessee's top eight teams.

After early season successes, which included victories over powerhouses Farragut, Laverne, and Hendersonville, Coaches Lanier and Dougherty led their players into District action, which culminated in a Big Red Championship. In the District tournament, they once again defeated the Evil Empire from Elliston Place (and soon to be Irish Enemy of 1-65).

In the Region Cham-

pionship, it turned out that the fight would be for second place. While MBA steam-rolled Hume-Fogg 8-0, Father Ryan overcame McGavock in double overtime. In the final, the Big Red completed the season hat trick over the Irish with a 4 - nil win. The purple blood was cleaned quickly so that the campus wasn't contaminated. With that victory, the Big Red prepared to face Brentwood High of the tough Williamson County soccer dynasty.

Throughout the year, the team has been a good balance of offense and defense. Opponents learned to fear Andy Russ, who scored 30 goals, just three shy of the all-time MBA record, but Scott Hande, Eric Greenwood, and Warren Connally also scored important goals in big games. Justin Maestas was an excellent ball-handler, while Sean Murphy, J.T. Davenport, Matt Barrett, and Andy Barrett were strong on defense. In goal, Bobby Zaph made many key stops.

Having already established itself as one of the best MBA soccer teams ever

with 16 wins, the "football" team moved into the Sub-State. At Brentwood High School, the Big Red played excellently, but luck was not on their side. Russ found himself shadowed heavily by Bruin defenders, but several of his shots and passes narrowly missed being goals. In the end, MBA fell 2-1, but they could still be proud of all that they accomplished.

The future looks bright, however, as the team boasts several eighth, ninth, and tenth graders. Several Seniors will be lost, but the leadership will be taken up by Juniors. All in all, Coach Lanier may have a soccer dynasty on his hands even if he's not bragging. Like all MBA teams, the proof is on the field.



Above: Andy Russ makes contact against BGA.

Below: The Barrett brothers converge on the ball.
photos by David Schenk



A Letter from the Editor

by Casey Jones
Editor-in-Chief

Throughout the 1990-1991 school year, we at *The Bell Ringer* have tried to bring you, the reader, the latest in school news, features, and sports. In addition, we have included information about bands, performances, and new music. We have also tried to present various viewpoints on numerous topics of local, national, and global concern.

We, the editors, developed several new means of expression for our avid fans this year. Our "Letters to the Editor" section promoted a named or anonymous approach to expressing personal concerns of school issues. "Heavy Metal Corner," by famed authors John Butler and Greg Parker, attempted to provide a different angle on heavy metal rock music from around the country. Also,

"The Crappie Corner" (which is, I am sorry to say, not in the last issue) gave advice to eager student anglers on products, service, and environments with which one could better his fishing excursion.

We had only six issues this year; however, in general, the number of pages of each issue increased. Though this year did not run as smoothly as we had hoped, the editors did learn much about organizational procedure and deadlines. There were serious organizational problems at the beginning of the year, but by the middle of the year, the editors had rallied to produce, with little exception, strong papers both in terms of quality control and design.

I would like to thank Eveready Printing Company for their willingness to work with our staff. In addition, I would like to thank Dr. Paschall, Dr. Drake, and Dr.

Niemeyer for their suggestions.

Last, but most certainly not least, thank you to all those editors and dedicated and loyal students who not only saw *The Bell Ringer* through some troubled waters but also who aided me at the end of the year. I could not have done it without the kindness and support of many students toward making *The Bell Ringer* the best it can be. Luke Davis deserves a special mention here for his last-minute, creative journalistic skills without which we could not have pulled this off; thank you.

Well, Alex, the newspaper is finally yours. You have the reins; you are in control. I know you (and your trained staff) can really put it together next year. My best wishes.



Above: Seniors Walter Southwood and James Wood enjoy themselves at an MBA JV basketball game.

Below: Casey Jones prepares to tap for Totomoi



photos by David Schenk

POTPOURRI

The Last Quotations from the Scribe Extraordinaire

(Read 'em and weep)

1. "Today you die, maggot!"
-Sledge Hammer
2. "Intuition is stuff you don't quite know but still remember."
-Mike Caldwell
3. "You take the bloody number and you plug it into the bloody equation!"
- Waldo "Lanier" Jones
4. Gracchus the Gambler-
There once was a kid- his name was Gracchus, his betting and gambling csue much ruckus at each class with Bic pen in hand, he did the strangest twirling in all the land.
In math class in old B-3, many great bets did make he. With all the quarters stacked on the floor, he counted his gains and said,
"Gimme more!"
Every day those who to him had lost sought to regain coins-regardless of cost!
But everyday their efforts would not pay,
for Gracchus the Gambler was the master of such play.
After he laughed all the way to the bank, he bought a new wardrobe-very swank!
-Scribe Extraordinaire
5. "Only a swine would not think 9 divine!"
-Waldo "Lanier" Jones
6. "He who talks like a bore
and love to make listeners snore
shall verily fisnd his tongue nailed to the floor."
the Scribe
(Think about it.)
7. "This war will show who God's enemies are."
-Saddam Hussein saying some famous last words.
8. "I want those helicopters here faster, than possilbe!"
-Max Smart on Get Smart
9. "You don't always need dynamite to kill a mosquito."
-Mike Caldwell
10. "I think college trips are useful because you can get some 'fro yo.'" ["Fro Yo is frozen yogurt.]
-James Nash using clever tactics to slow Calculus class.
11. "I'm going to have to go up into my attic and get out my rack."
-Mrs. Mary Helen Lowry on discipling wayward students
12. "It's hammer time!"
- Dr. Harold Crowell, responding students pleas to postpone a physics test.
13. "Relax, I have everything under control. Just trust me; I know what I'm doing."
- Walter Jones, Scribe Extraordinaire before botching another experiment for his science fair project



photo by David Schenk

Left: Your
faithful
Scribe
Extraordinaire

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Some Sweet Day - To Play at TPAC

by Shade Murray
staff writer

Continuing with their efforts to establish Nashville as a center of new innovative theater productions, Tennessee Repertory Theatre held the second of two world premiere musicals at TPAC during the month of May. Unlike *A House Divided*, which was TRT's workshop production, *Some Sweet Day* is a fine-tuned mainstage production, presented in the thousand seat Polk Theatre. The story, written by Don Jones and MBA alumn Mac Pirkle, deals with Sarah Jane Biggs, an enterprising young woman who, during the Great Depression, returns to her small hometown in Arkansas to attempt to form a field workers union. The play focuses on two field-working couples, one white, one black, and the choices both families have to make regarding joining the union.

As Isaac and Emma Ingram, Mike Mueller and Denise Hicks develop believable characters who face the problem of going against the racial prejudice held by their peers in order to stand up for what they believe. They are successfully able to take their characters to the height of

their emotions without crossing into stereotypical melodrama, a common occurrence in stories of social injustice. This is especially true in the case of Myke Mueller's portrayal of Issac. Issac has the most trouble choosing between accepting his employer's racial ways in order to receive a much needed promotion or joining the integrated union. Mueller shows that this conflict arises out of his love for his family, and not because of a backwards hatred. This makes the audience pity the helpless Issac instead of labeling him an unfeeling bigot. As the oppressed black family, Barry Scott and Jackie Welch fight thier struggle with power and dignity without becoming too self-righteous or overbearing. Finally, Mary Jane Harvill brings a totally

new and exciting character to life with her Sarah Jane Biggs. Throughout the show, her charisma and influence over the characters is felt on the stage, even when she is not there. It is in her wake of her manipulation that both freedom is won and lives are ruined.

The power of these characters is only matched by the wonderful original score written by Si Kahn. Ranging from country-folk to Southern spiritual, each song has it's own individual flare which ignites the whole stage with powerful words and emotions. In fact, the opening number, "Freedom and Rain", has already been recorded and has gotten considerable air time on various stations.

Some Sweet Day should soar to new heights.

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Class of 1991!**

-Editor-in-Chief

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